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# MORNING MUSINGS AND HEARTY SONGS

By George W. Abell.

ILLUSTRATED

By Wm. L. Everett, Jr.

NEW YORK: G. W. PETERSON, 1880.



Class \_\_\_\_\_

Book \_\_\_\_\_

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GEORGE W. ABELL













## THE LILY'S LESSON

“O Lily, queen of flowers, how can it be,  
For that I see, that long a flower may remain  
A flower, so that it never fades, yet is so fair,  
And yet so soft, that breeches, perfumes, and rain

Can never hurt it, nor the heat of the sun,  
The frost of winter, nor the cold of the spring,  
Upon which, concerning flowers, the poets have so long  
The fragrant, soft perfume, and softness of the spring.

That mighty force which is the power of the sun,  
Is just the force that feeds the flower, and the flower  
The loss of Italy of the flower, and the flower  
The old that I have heard and heard again, as you have seen.

## THE BROOK'S MISSION

1871-1872

1873-1874

1875-1876

1877-1878

1879-1880

1881-1882

1883-1884

1885-1886

1887-1888



"Then rippling along with a cheerful song,  
While the water of life t'was giving."











### SUNRISE

"Beauteous sunrise bringing joy with every blessed morn' "









"Marvel of beauty, bright little flower,  
Face always smiling in sunshine or shower!"











W. L. Everett Knowles

"The hush of sunset's silence  
when the day is almost done."











The Storm in the Sea









# 3. $\mathcal{H}_1$ and $\mathcal{H}_2$

$\mathcal{H}_1 = \{ \psi_1, \psi_2, \dots, \psi_n \}$

$\mathcal{H}_2 = \{ \psi_1, \psi_2, \dots, \psi_n \}$

$\mathcal{H}_3 = \{ \psi_1, \psi_2, \dots, \psi_n \}$

$\mathcal{H}_4 = \{ \psi_1, \psi_2, \dots, \psi_n \}$

$\mathcal{H}_5 = \{ \psi_1, \psi_2, \dots, \psi_n \}$

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$\mathcal{H}_{26} = \{ \psi_1, \psi_2, \dots, \psi_n \}$

$\mathcal{H}_{27} = \{ \psi_1, \psi_2, \dots, \psi_n \}$

$\mathcal{H}_{28} = \{ \psi_1, \psi_2, \dots, \psi_n \}$

$\mathcal{H}_{29} = \{ \psi_1, \psi_2, \dots, \psi_n \}$

$\mathcal{H}_{30} = \{ \psi_1, \psi_2, \dots, \psi_n \}$





Figure 1. A traditional East Asian landscape.

## HUSKING OUT THE CORN

September, near October,  
With trees on fire all ablaze,  
Lingering on the long cool days,  
Through the soft autumn haze,  
And the country full of happiness  
As moated over hope,  
He's husking in his samples  
And husking out his corn.

Yes, the time is ripe for him  
To be gathering in his corn,  
So he has come to the great feast  
When he has to be a guest,  
When the neighbors will be glad  
To see him and his family,  
And he'll be gathering his harvest  
And husking out his corn.

As the people come to him  
He is silent, it appears  
In his turkeys, pigs and chickens  
And to fattening his steers,  
How we love to hear him say,  
On a crisp October morn,  
While he gathers in his crop,  
And is husking out his corn.

Yes, he's husking out his corn,  
And is getting in his corn,  
While the autumn days are long,  
The moon on his stocks,  
Still his apartment is splendid,  
When he hears the neighbors say,  
While he's husking in his crop,  
And husking out his corn.







There is health out in the country  
Where the wheat and barley grow



## WHEN THE BLOOM IS ON THE FLOWER

When the bloom is on the flower  
The bird is singing to it,  
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'Each well worn path in the pasture held'







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